

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me neere her; and this beauteous Morne
(The primst of all the yeare) presents me with
A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
So neare *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,
And therein wretched, although free; But if
Thou knew'st my Mistris breathd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends
his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
Thou should'st perceive my passion, if these signes
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious
That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen
That ever blood made kin, call'st thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
And these house clogges away.

Arc. Deere Cosen *Palamon*,

Pal. Cofoner *Arcite*, give me language, such
As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in

The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer; tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz
Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that
Your question's with your equall, who professes
To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword
Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd
How much I dare, y'ave seene me use my Sword
Against th'advise of feare: sure of another
You would not heare me doubted, but your silence
Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which well
Might iustifie your manhood, you were calld (faire
A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not
If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
And then they fight like compell'd Beares, would fly
Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to
His eare, which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,

Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
Though it be rustie, and the charity
Of one meale lend me; Come before me then
A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
The trespassse thou hast done me, yea my life
If then thou carry'st, and brave soules in shades
That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this
That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,

Againe betake you to your hawthorne house,
With counsaile of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will